

# Memento Mori

## Bexar Bexar

this will die out.

Narrative: Fear. a fever is dancing in stride with our metronome memory  
hipocrisy here. painting a portrait that's dripping with crass composition  
fumbled trust, the father is dead. cathedrals are burning  
lies fuel fires, fear burns red, now i'm cold. \*\*\*going inside of our heads.  
when we whisper: danger, danger, pull the lever. turn the page and i burn better in the morning.  
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?  
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.

this will die out.

Narrative fear. a fever is dancing in stride. Metronome memory.  
hipocrisy here. it's painting a portrait that's screaming "the silence of dying."  
fumbled trust, the father is dead. cathedrals are burning.  
lies fuel fires. fear burns red and i'm cold. \*\*\*going inside of our heads.  
when we whisper: danger, danger, pull the lever and i burn better in the morning.  
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?  
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.  
\*long random talking\*  
Heartlessness. Narratives. Christ, where'd you go?  
Impassioned. Abandoned. Why, you were wrong.  
we've forgotten how to read. we've forgotten how to believe.  
the text has gone dark. the author recedes.

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